

MORNING HYMN.

Look on a little sinful child,
Giddy, wayward, guilty, wild,
O Jesus! lovely, meek, and mild,
My Saviour!

Oh guide and guard me through this day,
Keep me in wisdom's pleasant way,
And may I from thy steps ne'er stray,
My Saviour!

And if it be that I must die
Ere on my bed again I lie,
Receive my soul with my last sigh,
My Saviour!

Then let me join the heavenly throng,
To love and praise in endless song,
When I shall ne'er again do wrong,
My Saviour!

Transcribed by a Friend.

THE LOG KITCHEN.

OR "SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

"She hath done what she could," said the Saviour, of one whose devotion to Him, led her to the tomb of her crucified Lord, to watch for his resurrection. Young Christian, can that be said of you? "She hath done what she could." Oh, how full of encouragement is the simple story of Mary's love, especially to the female disciple of the Saviour.

There lived in a little log hut in the outskirts of a neighbouring state, a girl of sixteen. The only means of instruction ever enjoyed by her, did not exceed six months, but her mind was awakened by an ardent desire for knowledge. After she had learned, by heart, the few books within her reach, she took the Bible, and though she had seldom heard the Gospel preached, yet the spirit of God inspired her with wonder, as she read the story of a Saviour's love. Her wonder was changed to penitence; she was humbled; she sought pardon, and with a sense of forgiveness came the enquiry, what she, a poor, ignorant child could do for her Saviour. She thought of her brothers; she read to them over and over again, the lessons she had learned from the Bible. She had heard of Sabbath schools, and with a determination to establish one among the few neighbours in her vicinity, she persuaded her father to lend his kitchen for a school-room.

When the Sabbath came, twenty poor ignorant children filled her room. Soon, her school increased; old men and middle aged came, and the youthful teacher was happy, yet it was with a trembling heart she persevered.

Years passed, and in place of scores, hundreds gathered in that school, each returning Sabbath, and it is now in the midst of a flourishing village. A neat church stands by the site of the old log kitchen, and the songs of Zion echo from its walls, and the voice of the Gospel minister is heard from its pulpit on the Lord's day. That teacher sleeps! Her pure spirit has gone to receive the blessed commendation—"She hath done what she could."

Yes, she has ceased from her labours, but mark the sequel! A brother who listened to the first lessons of holiness that trembled on her lips, is preparing for the Christian ministry; others are devoted, useful Christians, and one of the scholars is already on missionary ground. Verily, "She hath done what she could."

To every young Christian, we would say "Go and do likewise." But do you ask what you can do? Look around you. Are your brothers and sisters better for your example? Are your companions looking to you for a pattern of holiness, or are you a stumbling block over which they will plunge into the abodes of the lost? Say, is your heart steeped in the love of Christ? Is it burning with a missionary spirit? You can be a missionary even where you are, in your own town, in your own neighbourhood, for there are those all around you, who seldom hear the sound of the Gospel. Seek them out; bring them to Christ. Thus, you may bear fruit to the glory of God; and of you, too, it may be said, "She hath done what she could,"—and your name will stand out, emblazoned upon the firmament of the upper world, as with the rays of a celestial sun. Is not the very thought enough to startle the soul with a thrill of heavenly rapture! Christian Ciz.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Many years ago there was a Moravian congregation in the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania. A minister was settled among them who had a numerous family, with but a small pittance to support them, for his people were very poor. They lived very much scattered, and his labours, consequently, were more arduous—but he faithfully performed his duty, and amid many discouragements had much to rejoice his heart, for these simple mountaineers gladly received him, and listened with attention to his preaching. On week days, early and late, this excellent man went from house to house, comforting the afflicted, and bearing the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to those who were not at church on the Sabbath. He pursued this regular routine of duty for some time, happy in being a blessed instrument in the hands of God to his fellow men.

But a period of severe trial came, when his faith was put to the test. His wife, and several of his children, were one after the other taken ill of a fever. Some of them were very sick, but after weeks of languish-

ing the prayers of the devoted husband and father were heard, and they were slowly recovering.

They had, however, scarcely time to unite in their thanksgiving to God for his mercy, when he, their protector and best earthly friend, was laid apparently upon a dying bed with the same fearful disease. It assumed immediately a more aggravated form, for previous anxieties and fatigues told upon his exhausted frame, and life soon seemed ebbing away. The afflicted family, in agony, knelt by the bed-side of their beloved one, and sent up their united supplications to heaven to spare him if possible from drinking this bitter cup of sorrow. They wished to add "but thy will be done" but tears choked their utterance. Ah! none can know, except they have been made to pass through a similar furnace of affliction, what were the feelings of that mother and her little ones, as they prayed together in that sick chamber.—Their cries reached the Mercy-Seat, and the destroying angel paused in his work of death.

The physician came and found his patient in a sweet sleep, from which he presently awoke entirely free of fever. The crisis was passed, and nought was required but proper nourishment, and quiet, to ensure the recovery of the dear invalid. A sunbeam of happiness was on the countenances of the minister's household. "A chicken must be killed immediately, and soup made, and frequently given in small quantities." The smile of joy left the pale face of the affectionate wife; she burst into a flood of tears and cried "what shall I do, we have not a single fowl left;—all were used for me and the dear children." "But your neighbours surely will let you have one." "Alas!" she replied, "although they are very poor, they have given liberally. I cannot ask for more. Besides, the way is difficult, for the rain and wind have destroyed the path, and we cannot, in our feebleness, reach them if we would." Some other nourishing article was named, and again others, as a substitute for the chicken, but after diligent search it was discovered that they were unprovided with them also. Again the wife and mother was upon her knees. Not a murmur escaped her—a long time was she in speechless agony. At length she found words.—"Heavenly Father," she cried, "I call upon Thee in this our hour of need. I look to the right hand and to the left, there is no one to help us. We trust in Thee: save thy servant or we perish." She gazed upon the wasted form of her beloved husband. In the most affectionate manner he endeavoured to soothe her distress, and repeated one after another of the beautiful promises of Holy Writ. "Comfort yourself, my dear," said he, "I am certain that if it is the good pleasure of our dear Lord that I shall recover, and it is necessary for me to have a chicken, He will send me one. Look how beautifully the sun shines! If I could only walk out and enjoy this beautiful afternoon, methinks I would feel better. Your prayer seems to have given me strength. Give me your kind arm, and, with my cane, perhaps I could manage it. At least let me try."

Carefully wrapped up, and supported by his devoted wife, he was soon tottering on the green sward before his humble home. The effort was too great for him. "You exert yourself too much," said she anxiously: "you are still too feeble; let us return to the house." She spoke calmly, but the big tear trembled in her eye, as she looked upon the pallid countenance of her husband. In vain she listened for the footfall of some person to whom she could call upon for relief—then raising her eyes to heaven she sent one petition for succour, in one wild cry of anguish, for all hope seemed perishing within her heart.—"Trust in God, my dear, again I charge you," said he, "for He will surely help us.—He will never leave us, nor forsake us." They were just entering their house, when a chicken-hawk, in flying over their heads, dropped her plunder, which proved to be a very large and fat fowl. Joy and amazement at this wonderful instance of the goodness of their Heavenly Father, for a moment so affected this pious pair that they could not speak. At last the minister spoke: "Said I not, my dear, that if it was necessary the Lord would send me this supply, and here it is. Let us never doubt his goodness again. For surely our God is a very present help in time of trouble. Blessed be His holy name." And while their happy hearts were pouring out the song of gratitude, the chicken was being prepared. Soon he began to take it according to direction. It was a heaven-sent gift, and the minister could not but thrive upon it. The next morning he was much better, and in a few weeks was again sufficiently recovered to take his place in the sanctuary and break the bread of life to his flock.

He lived to a good old age, and much pleasure did he take in relating this incident of his life to his ministerial brethren, and he mentioned it himself to the father of the writer. C. B. M.

[Protestant Churchman.]

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clark, and in religious conversation they spent very many happy hours together. Among other matters a very favourite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was not introduced into the presence of all

the heavenly hosts, and the splendours around the throne of God. One evening after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in "the visions of the night" his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form. He dreamt that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to himself to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house and sufferings of mortality, for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or a village, the forest or the sea was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains. Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side, guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness.

They travelled together through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld, for the present was to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor he replied, that while on earth, he had often heard that the eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to any thing which he had actually before beheld, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply, they were already at the door and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow white cloth, a golden cup and a cluster of grapes, and then said that he must now leave him, but that he must remain for he would receive in a short time a visit from the lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvass, that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants; and that sent by God they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The lord of the mansion had arrived—the door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sunk down at his feet, completely overcome by his majestic presence.—His lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes, into the golden cup, and after having himself drank, presented it to him saying, "This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished, perfect love had now cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation, "Thy labours are over." Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided over his spirit and slid into the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view.—The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from this joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness. J. B. C.

[We find the above among slips from publications, several years old, and it is credited to the New York Churchman. It is received by us confidently as real truth, and we think it a very interesting

record of connection between a man's waking thoughts and his mental occupation during sleep. One line we have struck out. Will our readers give an hour's attention to the inquiry how a picture-gallery representing, in traits not to be mistaken, their own complete biography would interest them? Would it be a review to fill them with joy and gratitude, or to shrink from with remorse and self-abhorrence?]

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE CHRISTIAN'S YEARS.

The elder Mr. Venn, a faithful minister of the Church of England, who rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God, one day, while riding on the road, fell into company with a person of respectable appearance. After riding together for some time, conversing on different subjects, the stranger, looking in his face, said "Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of fifty." "On the wrong side of fifty!" answered Mr. Venn, "No, Sir, I am on the right side of fifty." "Surely," the person replied, "you must be turned of fifty; for you appear to be older than I am: and I am turned of fifty." "Yes, Sir, added Mr. Venn, "but I am on the right side of fifty, for I am nearer my crown of glory."

This unexpected explanation strikingly evinced the happy state of Mr. Venn's mind; like a mirror and heir to a large estate, that feels his heart the more gladdened the nearer he gets to the period when he shall realize his expectation, he was looking for and hastening unto the time when he should be put in possession of his heavenly inheritance.

JAMES WATTS' BOYHOOD.

A friend of Mr. Watts' one day came upon young James, stretched upon the ground, tracing with chalk all kinds of cross lines.—"Why do you suffer this child thus to trifle away his time?" exclaimed the visitor; "send him to school." "You will do well to delay your judgment" said the father; "before condemning him, be good enough to find out his occupation." The harsh judgment was speedily reversed. The child of six, was solving a problem in geometry. "James," said Mrs. Muirhead, one day, to her nephew, "I never saw any boy more given to trifling than you are; can't you take a book, and employ yourself usefully? There have you been sitting a whole hour without speaking a single word. Do you know what you have been about all this time? You have done nothing but shut and open, and open and shut, the lid of the tea-kettle; and, first, you have put the saucer in the steam from the spout, and then you have held the silver teaspoon in it; and then you have done nothing but pore over them, and bring together the drops formed by condensation on the surface of the china or the spoon. Aren't you ashamed of spending your time in that way?"—H. Arago's Elogé.

[The boy was watching the action of steam, and he afterwards made the improvements to the steam-engine which have led to the extensive use of that power in the present day.]

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